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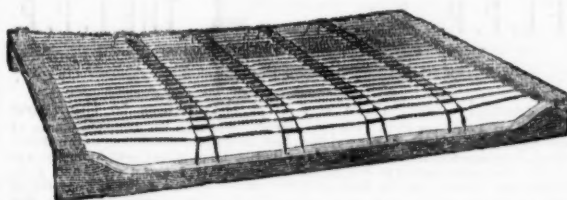
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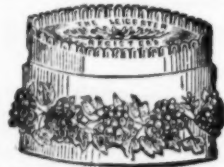
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VOL. IV.—No. 194.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

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MR. COUNCILLOR BATTY.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

COME, let us anew, our mission pursue—roll on with our task! This is an adjuration to the present writer, in the confronting of a somewhat difficult enterprise, viz., the pasting of Mr. William Batty into our Silhouette book. We want, just now, the encouragement given by the old woman who kept the lodge-gates when Lord Dalhousie was leaving for India—and who said to the Governor-General, as he drove out of his park, “Keep a stout heart for a steep brae, my lord!”

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After a very prosperous, and we might almost say chronometric mercantile career—in which the worthy Councillor, in more senses than one, has taken time by the forelock, and gathered unto himself shekels of silver and gold—likewise the carbuncle, the cat’s-eye, and other precious stones—Mr. Batty, in the full possession and play of his faculties, physical and mental, finds himself at leisure to work for others as energetically as he has, hitherto, worked for himself. He is a busy man, but not a busybody. Where’er he takes his walks abroad, he walks fast and does not loiter; on the contrary, he runs and reads—reads as he runs the great page of human life, making erasures and supplements and punctuations with an invisible blacklead as he runs. He has a very quick eye, and both his eyes are alike. If we may be permitted, without offence, for one moment to digress into the region of slang, we might remark that Mr. Batty is “downy” without being “dodgy.” He is, indeed, too courageous a man to resort to dodges, which are the unclean weapons of the pusillanimous and the mean. He will do all, in the conduct of public business, which may become a man—and he knows that “who dares do more is none.” So far from being a respecter of persons—as the manner of some is—if the Council, as a whole, were to attack him, his great revenge would have stomach for them all. He requires to be stroked the right way of the hair; if you reverse the process he emits galvanic fire like a black cat in the gloaming. His oratory is of the querulous order, eager, and almost fierce. He emphasises by repetition, as, for instance, “Mr. Councillor Splotter is in the wrong box, I say he is in the wrong box;” and that is supposed to settle the matter for ever and a day; in that wrong box, Splotter, like Ginevra, must remain; and Mr. Batty will take up a sedentary posture on the lid, and nothing but dynamite would displace him. He is a redresser of grievances, and likes to put men and things straight—which he calls dressing them down, which of course is not blowing them up.

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BOTHAM’S WORM CAKES

(Manufactured by Levenshulme) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

WEDDING CAKES

Forwarded to any Address. TEA, COFFEE, LUNCHEON, and DINNER ROOMS; Wine, Ale, Stout, Chops, Steaks, and Sandwiches. Breakfasts, Suppers, Silver Salvers, Stands, and Epergnes supplied. **I. MAYER, 105, OLDHAM STREET.** N.B.—Bow Window.

4

THE CITY JACKDAW.

AUGUST 1, 1870.

15th Thousand.

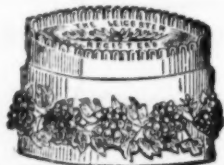
Just Published, uniform with "Jingo and the Bear,"

PRICE TWOPENCE.

AB-O'TH'-YATE & THE "WREATH."

BY AB HISSEL.

MANCHESTER: ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, 56 & 58, OLDHAM STREET;
And all Booksellers.



THE L. P. P.

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IT is scarcely needful to say that this refers to the (now celebrated) Leicester Pork Pies (registered). Perhaps no advertisements of late have come more directly under public notice than those pertaining to the above. Inquiries have poured in from all parts of the British Islands, followed by orders for these goods; the consequence is a continually increasing demand for the L. P. P. The makers have taken care to back up their notices by an article that cannot be surpassed for quality, at the same time recommending the retailers to supply the public at very reasonable prices. Messrs. V., C., and D. have found it necessary to remove to much larger premises. They have just commenced making at the new works, Sussex Street, where they have every facility for doing a most extensive trade, aided by the best machinery for the various purposes required. The LEICESTER PORK PIES (registered) are sold by grocers and provision purveyors in all directions, and can very soon be obtained in the remotest districts if inquired for. The LEICESTER SAUSAGES (registered) of the same makers, Messrs. VICARS, COLLYER, & DUNMORE, 24, Silver Street, Leicester.

BILLIARDS!—JOHN O'BRIEN, the only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites inspection of his stock of Billiard Tables, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the Improved Fast Cushion, that will never become hard.—GLOBE BILLIARD WORKS, 42, Lower King Street, Manchester.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

GOODALL'S WORLD-RENOWNED HOUSEHOLD SPECIALITIES.

A SINGLE TRIAL SOLICITED.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.



The cheapest because the best, and indispensable to every household, and an inestimable boon to housewives. Makes delicious puddings without eggs, Pastry without butter, and beautiful light bread without yeast.

Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, etc., in 1d. Packets; 6d., 1s. 2d., and 5s. Tins.

PREPARED BY

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS.

GOODALL'S YORKSHIRE RELISH.



This cheap and excellent Sauce makes the plainest viands palatable, and the daintiest dishes more delicious. To Chops, Steaks, Fish, etc., it is incomparable.

Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, etc., in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.

PREPARED BY

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS.

GOODALL'S QUININE WINE.



The best and cheapest, and most agreeable Tonic yet introduced. The best remedy known for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, etc., etc. Restores delicate invalids to strength and vigour.

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, etc., at 1s. 1d., 2s., and 2s. 3d. each Bottle.

PREPARED BY

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GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER.

For making delicious Custards without eggs, in less time and at half the price. Unequalled for the purposes intended. Will give the utmost satisfaction if the instructions given are implicitly followed. The proprietors entertain the greatest confidence in the article, and can recommend it to housekeepers generally, as a useful agent in the preparation of a good Custard. Give it a trial. Sold in Boxes, 6d. and 1s. each, by Grocers, Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, etc.

PREPARED BY GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., WHITE HORSE STREET LEEDS.

JOHN ASHWORTH & CO.,

Wholesale Jewellers, Clock and Watch Manufacturers, and Importers.

New Premises Corner of High Street, and Thomas Street, Shudehill, Manchester.

Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, &c.; Gold and Silver Watches, 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

JAPANESE CURTAINS.

L. SMITH & CO. have just Purchased a Large Lot of these Articles at very Low Prices, and are offering them at 2/3, 3/3, 4/4, 6/4, 7/4, 8/4, 2/-, 14/-, & 30/- per pair.—6, JOHN DALTON STREET, MANCHESTER.

12, Ashton New Road, Beswick,
59, Clowes Street, Gorton,
AND
The Tailors' Supply, 30A, High St., City.

321, Oldham Road,
729, Oldham Road, Newton Heath,
AND
31, Manchester Road, Hollinwood.

BARROWCLOUGH & CO.
IT IS FASHIONABLE, DURABLE, AND CHEAP.
BUY YOUR CLOTHING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION FROM

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

Wholesale London, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Foreign
FANCY GOODS WAREHOUSEMEN,
JOHN BOYD & CO.,
Have REMOVED from 17 & 19, Thomas Street, to New
and More Extensive Premises, situated
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GLASS, WOOD,
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BRASS, AND ZINC
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T. STENSBY,
GUN AND PISTOL MAKER,
11, HANGING DITCH.

Established 1810.

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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 194.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TOWN HALL SILHOUETTES.

MR. COUNCILLOR BATTY.

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TRACY TURNERELLI.

WE have received so many contributions upon this never-ending subject that we earnestly beseech that all future offerings to the shrine of this tenth muse will be sent to some of our contemporaries. Our last batch of copy emanates from the shades—even the mighty dead are seized with the mania, *par exemple* :—

Disdain has swelled him up, and choak'd his breath,
Sullen and dumb, and obstinate to death :
No signs of pity in his face appear,
Cramm'd with his pride, he leaves no room within.

—DRYDEN'S *Cleomenes*.

—The man who dares to dress misdeeds,
And colour them with Virtue's name, deserves
A double punishment from gods and men.

—JOHNSON'S *Medea*.

Has pity lost its mighty power to move,
That all my mournful sorrows can't incline you
To weigh my sufferings with my real deserts?
Can you, then, see me with a broken heart,
Wretched, wandering, and forsok by all,
Except th' insulting rabble at my heels?

—WANDSFORD'S *Fatal Love*.

Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To lose good days that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,
To eat thy heart with comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to runne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone,
Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tenceance spend.

—SPENSER'S *Mother Hubbard's Tale*.

Honour in the breech is lodged,
As wise philosophers have judged;
Because a kick in that part more
Hurts Honour than deep wounds before.

—BUTLER'S *Hudibras*.

Unhurt, untouched, did I complain,
And terrified all others with my pain,
But now I feel the mighty evil,
Ah! there's no fooling with the devil!

—COWLEY.

His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in
necessity, and denying him.

—SHAKESPEARE'S *Twelfth Night*.

It wounds indeed
To hear affronts, too great to be forgiven,
And not have power to punish.

—DRYDEN'S *Spanish Friar*.

How shall I 'scape the stings of my own conscience?
Which will for ever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night;
Casting my blotted honour in the way,
Where'er my melancholy thoughts shall guide me.

—LEE'S *Junius Brutus*.

We cheat the world
With florid outside, till we meet surprise;
Then, conscience, working inward like a mole,
Crumbles the surface and reveals the dirt
From which our actions spring.

—FENTON'S *Marianne*.

There like a statue thou hast stood besieged
By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts;
Where thy guiled eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first shall catch, and first applaud.

When I spoke,
My honest, homely words were carped and censured,
For want of courtly style. Related actions,
Though modestly reported, passed for boasts:
Secure of merit, if I asked reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their right invaded,
And the bread snatched from pimps and parasites.

—DRYDEN'S *Don Sebastian*.

You have learned

The cunning fowler's art, who pleasantly
Whistles the bird into the snare.
How had you strew'd th' enticing top o'th' cup
With Arabian spices: but you had laid i'th' bottom
Ephesian aconite!

—DAVENPORT'S *City Nightcap*.

The man who wears injustice by his side,
Though pow'rful millions followed him to war,
Combats against the odds.

—HAYARD'S *Scanderbeg*.

You'll find the friendship of the world is show,
Mere outward show!
The statesman's promise, or false patriot's zeal,
Full of fair seeming, but delusion all.

—SAVAGE—*Sir Thos. Overbury*.

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND THE FLOGGING QUESTION.

[FROM THE "SPECTATOR."]

WE do not believe discipline can be kept up without the infliction of pain. Why that pain should not be whipping we do not precisely see, at least as long as whipping is retained in the schools frequented by the highest class, except, indeed, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* has well said, because whipping is so cheap and convenient a punishment that the tendency is to inflict it too easily; but the body of the townspeople do see, and there, with a voluntary army, it must end. The policy is to find another form of pain not so detested; and with all deference for some angry experts it is not impossible to find one. The alternative is not "lash or bullet." The German punishment, labour in fetters—that is, in the leg-chain—is very severe indeed, severe enough to coerce the roughest recruit, and it can be inflicted in the field. We believe any amount of needful discipline can be kept up by three punishments—first, deprivation for a month of pay, grog, and all food but bread, and of regimentals, the man doing his full duty in a punishment suit of canvas; second, fatigue duty,—that is, in fact, the scavenging work of the camp—in fetters; and third, death, which latter dreadful and dreaded penalty should be inflicted for two offences only. These are violent resistance, by blows or deliberate and mutinous insult to an officer, and "defiance of sentence,"—breaking arrest, or flight, or resistance while in fetters. The first clause is the rule of every service in the world, and we cannot even conceive how without it an army could be kept together.

We have said that we do not see clearly why whipping should be so detested as a penalty, but we do not mean to say that the feeling is inexplicable. The detestation arises, as we believe, from two causes, the one the dislike to inflict pain in forms which deface the body—the real objection to branding, which otherwise might be most useful—and the spread of the Democratic spirit, with its best result, the growth of the sense of personal dignity, of the *dignité de l'homme*, as the French Radicals describe it. In all Western countries it is felt that blows—always the coercive method used by superiors—lower the sufferer as nothing else does. On the continent this feeling—which is a sort of embodiment of the passion of equality—rises almost to a mania, till a blow even from a drunken man is held to be an insult; and even in England a man who has suffered a totally unjust horsewhipping does lose heavily in social consideration. The spirit has been slow to spread to England, but it has spread till, as all employers of labour know, the one thing men will not take from masters is blows, and legalised blows inflicted on any but criminals are held to be cruelties. The people resent them, even in national schools, till teachers are constantly prosecuted unjustly, and a gentleman who struck his labourers would be more hated than for any other conceivable form of oppression. Stripes, in popular estimation, are for animals, not men, and the very convicts resent the warder's cane more than his authority. That the spirit frequently takes absurd forms is true enough, but in its essence it is a good one; and good or bad, there it is, a moving force with those to whom all ultimate power has been committed. The upper class refuse as yet to see this—refused on Thursday by 289 to 183—but they will have to see it whenever they want a numerous army. The resistance to the abolition of the lash is resistance to democracy on a most annoying and, as we believe, useless point, and will therefore not only fail, but in failing leave an unwholesome and needless irritation. Pricking Behemoth is not the way to diminish, and still less to guide, his enormous and bleary-eyed force.

COUPON DINNERS.

Four Courses, 1s., at the ALBERT RESTAURANT, ALBERT BRIDGE. Dinners à la Carte throughout the day. Soup, 4d.; Entrées or Joints, 6d. and 10d.; Chop or Steak, 10d.; Teas, 5d. J. CAVARGNA, General Caterer.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PEDESTRIAN TOURIST.

SECOND SERIES.

THE rain drives fiercely against the carriage window, and the mingled vapour of steam and mist is as dense as last year's clouds on the summit of Cader Idris. It has rained for weeks, almost without intermission, and latterly the downpour has been so heavy and incessant that we have almost postponed our holiday in Lakeland. If this could conveniently have been done, probably it would have been. But we found it would amount to breaking up our party altogether, so we resolved to persevere, and brave the weather, striving to hope against hope meanwhile.

And, so, two of our number, the writer and Signor Tomaso, whose nefarious attempt at undue appropriation *pendente nocte* was the subject of a paragraph in our last article, are boxed up here, in a second-class compartment of the train from Manchester to Oxenholme, this 15th day of August, 1874. The day is Saturday, the time of day is afternoon. Prince Charlie and Don John, the other members of our worshipful company, are to meet us at Windermere late in the evening, as they are coming by a later train.

Our first encampment is at Waterhead (hotel of the same name), near Ambleside. On Monday we shall start for Conistone, thence we cross the Fells to Wastwater; on again over Black Sail and Scarf Gap to Buttermere, and thence back to civilisation, *via* Keswick, Ullswater, and Ambleside.

Well! here is Windermere at all events. We shake off, with some difficulty, a busy-body who interests himself overmuch in our concerns, and, issuing from the station, find that the rain is clearing off. Ah! how vividly do old recollections come before my mind as we turn down the winding road to Ambleside. It is not the first time that I have breathed the sweet air of Windermere. And the last time that I trod this path I enjoyed the companionship of two friends, of whom one is living, and my friend to-day; but of the other the memory alone remains. A memory that will be green and fragrant while memory lasts! As I now pass each well-remembered spot, it seems as if the romance of the old far-off days invests them all with a tender interest, in which the ideality of youth, the warmth of friendship, and the poetic influence of this chosen home of song are sweetly and strangely blended.

And yonder, as an anti-climax to it all, is a pack of—Manchesterians by the look of them, I fear—who, having mounted a conveyance, evidently think that their elevation justifies them in grinning at fellows who carry knapsacks. At them! Turn their guns against them! Salute them with a horse laugh that stirs a ripple on the lake! The empty heads vanish into the innermost recesses of the vehicle, and we pursue our way to Waterhead in peace, undisturbed thenceforth by gentility.

As for the walk to Waterhead. Reader, we are in Lakeland! A country whose beauty neither pen nor pencil can delineate! Let me do my little best, and the loveliness of Cumberland and Westmoreland will still be a thing unknown to you; unless you have yourself seen what I cannot describe. And seen it, too, with different eyes from those of the doubtless, well-meaning folks, who talk about improving it! The walk, then, let me say, in brief, winds pleasantly along the eastern shore of Windermere. From several parts of it the lake is seen to the best advantage. The view which I prefer to all others is that from a gate about midway (if my memory does not deceive me) between Windermere and Low Wood. But, from whatever point seen, Windermere has a beauty of its own which none of its sister lakes can challenge. Its graceful contour, displayed in the well-known line—

"Winding Winandermere, the river lake;"

the sweet little islets with which its ample and placid surface is studded, and its incomparable background of romantic mountains, conspire to render Windermere the queen of the lakes. There are others of the lakes in and around which individual features of greater beauty may exist; but no one, I think, in which such a *tout ensemble* of charms is to be found.

The rain continued to fall at intervals, but the showers were not heavy, and we got to Waterhead Hotel in pretty good trim. After engaging rooms for the whole party, and doing more than justice to a tolerable tea, we rested awhile, and then returned to Windermere to meet our companions. On our way to the landing-stage we met them, and right-hearty were our mutual salutations. We were all together again, now; the recollections of 1873 were fresh upon our minds, and we were ready to outdo the enjoyment even of the preceding year.

We proceeded to the landing-stage, but the little steamer was long in coming, so the Signor and I resolved, as the night was fine, to walk back to Waterhead again, and leave Don John and Prince Charlie to wait for the boat, as they professed fatigue.

We two returned accordingly under the shadow of the trees along the Ambleside Road. The moon shone, brokenly, at intervals; disclosing now the neighbouring fells, now sudden glimpses of the silent lake. The road was lonely, and the night was still. Our imaginations were excited by our surroundings; and so, it came to pass that, by the time we reached Waterhead, we had come unpleasantly near to frightening ourselves and one another by unearthing from the caverns of remembrance every tale of Diablerie and superstitious horror that we could think of.

The work of the following day comprised, for the forenoon, a visit to Lloek Ghyll Force; and, for the afternoon, a visit to Rydal Church and Wordsworth's grave.

The former behaved well, and showed itself to great advantage after the recent heavy rains. Its beautiful double cascade is too well known to need description. To-day the lower basin was spanned by an evanescent rainbow, which threw its arch of tenderest hues across the shattered rocks and seething waters of the lower basin, as the sun shone fitfully through the clouds. I must see that rainbow to greater advantage. If I got upon those jutting fragments in the pool I may perhaps be moistened by the spray, but what is that to a hardy tourist? Cautiously I descend. The thunder of the cataract roars more and more loudly. I step gingerly forward to my chosen spot, and, setting my feet upon the smooth water-worn rock, instantly find myself seated in about twelve inches of ice-cold water. My attitude would have been a valuable study for a comic artist; and Signor Tomaso, who stood upon the rocks above, grinning superlatively down upon me, assured me that my expression of indignant amazement was worthy of the pencil of John Leech. The extremities and the more central portion of my habiliments were souked, but these misfortunes somehow never injure one.

Beside the grave of Wordsworth the voice of merriment must be hushed. We read and reread the simple inscription, and, plucking a few blades of grass, retire from the hallowed and classic spot, but often turn to gaze on these hills, which inspired the restorer of English poetry. Seldom, surely, are a man's surroundings so completely in harmony with his nature! That placid elevated soul seems to have been the very outcome of the scenery of Rydal. Its undulating hills are sometimes lofty and often richly wooded, but always suggestive of tranquillity. Its occasional rich meadows, its gem-like lakes, must have afforded him subjects of most congenial contemplation. For Wordsworth, no matter what his subject, is invariably calm. The tumults of the soul, born of doubt and passion, were not his to delineate; for, if he felt them, it was in a degree so slight, that they left no mark upon his life and verse. His pages breathe the Sabbath calm in which his soul continually dwelt; and the spot of earth, with which his name is now associated, has, whenever I have seen it, seemed to lie wrapt in an atmosphere of peace.

A TOUR IN NORMANDY.

OUR old friend, "Figaro Junior," has another of his amusing bits in the London letter of the *Manchester Examiner* on Wednesday last.

A Mr. Capper has written to one of the papers advising tourists to visit Brittany and Normandy, which journey he speaks of "doing" for £8, and Switzerland, during a month, for £16. He says:—"As far as Switzerland is concerned, Mr. Capper's figures may be correct. I cannot put them to the test, because, though the fact is not to be confessed without profound sorrow and even shame, I must say I have never been to Switzerland. But I have been to Normandy and Brittany several times, and may, perhaps, venture to put my humble experience against Mr. Capper's. If so, I would strongly advise anybody who is thinking of making a tour in the two French provinces on an expenditure of £8, including his railway fares in England and steamboat fares across the channel, to give up the idea at once. The simple Bretons and the cheerful Normans who keep hotels would laugh like pixies if they heard Mr. Capper talk about travellers living in their country for 8s., or 6s. 8d. a day, everything included, and thus passing a whole fortnight with them for £4. 13s. 4d. The Norman was pretty much of a bandit eight centuries ago, and he has lost none of his ancient characteristics. For an English traveller who can speak French he has little mercy; towards an English traveller who cannot speak French he is absolutely implacable."

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CARILLONS.

Owing to the stoppage of the carillons for examination and repair, our usual weekly list will be suspended until their re-commencement.

CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Theatre Royal.—*Fritz*. Mr. J. K. Emmett.
" Monday.—*Faust and Marguerite*.
Prince's Theatre.—*Weak Woman*, and *Little Don Cesar*. Ed. Terry.
" Monday.—*Emily Soldene* and Company.
Queen's Theatre.—*The Golden Plough*, and *Comedy of Errors*.
" Monday.—*Queen's Colours*.
Gaiety.—M. Artois, and Variety Entertainment.
" Monday.—*Harry Liston*.
People's Concert Hall.—Variety Entertainment.
Keith's Circus.—Tannaker's Japanese Troupe.
Belle Vue.—Zoological Gardens. The Afghan War.
Pomona.—Music and Dancing. Monday.—Myers' Circus.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

IN the matter of the shocking homicide committed by an inmate of the Prestwich Asylum, the first thing which will strike the reasoning reader is the folly of leaving a gang of lunatics under the charge of one keeper in an open hayfield, with such dangerous things as iron crowbars lying within reach. Of course we do not suppose that anyone is responsible for the fact, but the fact nevertheless remains. We do not think that any more crowbars will be left for lunatics' handling, but it would have been perhaps much better if the one in question had been removed previous to turning the poor idiots into the field. It is generally supposed that no patients are taken to outside work except such as are in a high state of convalescence, but from the evidence given at the inquest it appears that exceptions are made to this rule.

THE ways of the law are devious. A widow whose husband, a mechanic, has been killed in a railway accident, obtains a judgment of \$5,000 damages against the railway company. The same court gives a verdict of \$15,000 to a man who lost his leg in the same smash-up. The widow of the mechanic thereupon goes to the judge, and protests against the injustice of the decision. "Is a leg," she asks, "worth three times as much as a whole man?" And the judge responds, "The decision is perfectly equitable. A man who has lost a leg cannot replace it with another as good, even for \$15,000. But a widow with \$5,000 can easily get a new husband, and a much better one, probably, than the one she has lost." Consoling to the widow.

RATU IVE, a Fiji Prince, has recently been guilty of a flagrant breach of Fijian etiquette. He declined to marry a princess selected for him, whom he did not love, and privately married a girl whom he did love. All the aristocracy of the Fiji islands are shocked. This is evidently one of the consequences of our annexation of the Fiji islands. The Fijians have now an aristocracy, a marriage *a-la-mode*, and, only fancy—an etiquette. We wonder also if they would like a useless premier. We could send them one.

At the Conservative banquet lately held at Marlborough, admission was refused to the reporter of the *Wiltshire Times*. Mark how cruelly that paper revenges itself:—

THE CONSERVATIVE BANQUET.

"More than 300 persons dined together. The banquet was presided over by men of whose names Wiltshire is justly proud—the Thynnes—the" &c., &c.—*Local Paper*.

Shout, jolly Jingoos, shout, drink, feed like bricks;
One Thynne among you and three hundred—Thicks!

"HERE y'are! News or Mail! Ex'chush'n of Kay Twebster!" Such was the yell of the newsboy on Tuesday afternoon along our main thoroughfares. The deed was done, and verily in this age of newspapers it was well reported considering the fact that the representatives of the press were strictly excluded. The *Examiner* and *Times* simply records the fact in about eight or nine lines, but the rest of the dailies devote to the announcement as follows:—

<i>Courier</i>	1½ columns.
<i>Guardian</i>	½ column.
<i>Evening News</i>	2½ columns.
<i>Evening Mail</i>	3 columns.
<i>Liverpool Courier</i>	1½ columns.
<i>Liverpool Mercury</i>	¾ column.

So much for the Lancashire dailies. We really think ten columns about Kate Webster, after the dose we have had during the past few weeks, is really above a joke. And poor London fares no better, for we find in the

<i>Times</i>	½ column.
<i>Standard</i>	3 columns.
<i>Telegraph</i>	2 columns.
<i>Daily News</i>	1½ columns.

7 columns in 4 papers.

Truly we live in an age of spinning—not cotton, that is now fast becoming dormant, but words, and piling up—not bundles of yarn, but sentences. Our editors have much to answer for.

THE following is from Oldham:—

Scene: A country lane; two urchins meeting.

"Hello, Bill! Whear arto beawn?"

"Why, eaur folk han sent me to yoar folk to see if yoar folk 'll land eaur folk yoar meol poke; an' eaur folk say'n ut if yoar folk winno' land eaur folk yoar meol poke, eaur folk winno' land yoar folk eaur fleawr poke!" This is a fact, and as sweet a bit of genuine "Lanky" as ever came under the notice of our friend the philosopher of "Walmsley Fowl" himself.

THE *World* is responsible for the following:—Mr. Potter, the cheery member for Rochdale, having minutely inspected Malta, means to spend the forthcoming recess in the United States. He has always had a great desire to visit the country with whose institutions he has a strong political sympathy. Speaking enthusiastically of this one evening in the tearoom, he exclaimed, with all his youthful energy, "I would give anything to be able to visit the United States a hundred years hence." "Yes," said Mr. Bright, who was sipping his tea, "I have no doubt that about that time Potter would give all he possessed to change his quarters."

THE judge of the Falmouth County Court has ordered the committal for fifteen days of Mr. J. J. Richards, formerly a member of the Town Council, for non-payment of a rate of one shilling and fourpence in the pound, claimed by the rector under an Act passed in the reign of Charles II. Defendant objected to the rate on principle, and asserted that he had never received any benefits from the rector. Plaintiff's advocate stated that any length of time would be allowed if defendant would only pay, but the latter positively asserted that he would not. It is surely high time this remnant of clerical intolerance should be swept away.

THIS is by no means a bad epigram:—

"An eager sect the Parliament arouses
To close on Sunday all our public-houses;
A grog-man, hearing the proposal, urges
The Sunday-closing movement on the Churches."

"BUT I will not linger upon this point," as the preacher said when he sat down on the carpet tack.

W. WHITTER,

PRACTICAL CARRIAGE DESIGNER AND BUILDER, SHAKSPERE CARRIAGE WORKS, SHAKSPERE STREET, ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.

TAXATION.

THE August number of the *Nineteenth Century* contains a powerful article by Mr. Gladstone, upon the "Government and the country."

In it he shows very clearly that not only has the present Ministry been "a Government by chance," but its defenders and apologists have shared the same peculiarities. Knowing that a very large proportion of the imperial liabilities were unpaid, probably to be left as a legacy for a succeeding Liberal administration, these apologists have, unblushingly, put forward the statement that the country was being governed at a less cost by the Tory than it had been by the Liberal Government. But this statement has been couched in a form of words as casuistical as any form possible; the words have generally been: the taxation is less now than under Mr. Gladstone. Upon this matter the right honourable gentleman says:—"In some cases the ardent advocates of the Ministry have resorted to the simple but effectual plan of pure falsification. But the favourite method, and one employed even by a Secretary of State, has been to exhibit the following table, not of comparative expenditure, but of comparative taxation:—"

LATE GOVERNMENT.

1869-70	amounted to £2. 3s. 6d. per head.
1870-71	amounted to £1. 19s. 1½d. per head.
1871-72	amounted to £2. 1s. 3½d. per head.
1872-73	amounted to £2. 1s. 10½d. per head.
1873-74	amounted to £2. 1s. 3½d. per head.
Total	£10. 7s. 0½d.

PRESENT GOVERNMENT.

1874-75	amounted to £1. 19s. 5d. per head.
1875-76	amounted to £2. 0s. 7½d. per head.
1876-77	amounted to £2. 0s. 9½d. per head.
1877-78	amounted to £2. 0s. 11½d. per head.
1878-79	amounted to £2. 1s. 3½d. per head.
Total	£10. 3s. 0½d.

Balance of 4s. per head in favour of Lord Beaconsfield.

Upon this principle any scapegrace in St. James's Street, with a small annual allowance and an unmeasurable length of unpaid bills, could prove himself, by showing the small amount that he had paid from year to year, to be the most thrifty of men. The economy of a State is to be measured, not by the liabilities it discharges, but by the liabilities it incurs."

Of course, no one has ever been deceived by the statement made by Tory orators, but many honest men have certainly been unable to explain the seeming incongruity of warlike expenditure in a spirited foreign policy with the fact of a slightly reduced scale of taxation. Every man has known that debts were left for future treatment, but everyone has not known whether the pretended economies of the Government were something like equivalent, per head, to the larger rate which must be eventually paid. Now the whole truth is put so that "he who runs may read." Besides the permanent additions to the national expenditure, with which any Government will find a Draconian measure necessary to deal with, the unnecessary and profitless wars in India and Africa, as well as our Russo-Turkish *fiasco*, are all heavy items of expenditure, towards which no money has been made, and very little paid, by the present Government. True, the millions left by Mr. Gladstone, in 1874, have been paid, and so, also, have other moneys been paid to creditors who would not have exchequer promises instead, but every reader must know that we do not at present know anything like the cost of these wars, and the "demonstrations" by our fleets. When these items are tabled, John Bull will certainly be a poorer if not a wiser man. He has spent much on Bibles and Foreign Missions, but he has yet to learn that a very notable lesson in Holy Writ is still true, that the son who takes the portion of goods (or cash) which belongs to him, and goes into a far country and lives riotously, will return in poverty and disgrace. Or he may fare even worse, and meet the fate of the Chadderton "death or glory boy," and breathing out death to others be killed himself. He met his death, but his glory is yet to come. He had better have stopped in his peaceful village, weaving grey cloth, his glory then would certainly have been of a more durable kind than any which can now attach to his name. It would have been the glory of useful labour, instead of which, he left his loom to engage in needless and useless war, bringing still heavier taxation on a country now more heavily taxed than any nation in the world. "Oh," said Lord Landsdowne, "that the people should have such a stupid patience of taxation." Mr. Gladstone points out that the Parliament is such a slow legislative machine, that a long arrears of home legislation awaited its attention, but instead of home affairs,

it has pleased the Government of Lord Beaconsfield to raise up as from a virgin soil a whole forest of new questions, in themselves enough to occupy a Parliament and a State which had nothing else to do. Of these new and thorny subjects, lying all of them off the beaten path of ordinary business, the following enumeration, though probably incomplete, may suffice for present purposes: (1) Eastern Roumelia, (2) the Greek frontier, (3) Crete, and the other European provinces of Turkey, (4) the Armenians, (5) Turkey in Asia, (6) Cyprus, (7) Suez Canal shares and management, (8) Egyptian debt, (9) Egyptian succession, (10) North-west frontier of India, (11) supervision of Afghanistan, (12) East Indian finance, (13) Arms Act, Press Act, and taxing legislation of India, (14) Cape—annexation of the Transvaal, the act of the present Administration, (15) Cape, Zulu war—the result of the mission of Sir Bartle Frere.

If this intolerable mass of obligation and responsibility had been incurred in the discharge of "England's mission" as the champion of freedom, the defender of the weak, the instructor and civiliser of India, the empire of the world, we still must have felt the burden, while we accepted it, and must have seen that it entailed a sad lapse in our duties towards our own nearest flesh and blood at home, whose affairs form a first and proper concern of Parliament. But in no one of these forms, and in no other form whatever, is there any sensible counterpoise to the immense mass of folly and of mischief which is now crowning us so richly with its natural fruits. Having had in former days a tolerable character for unselfishness, not as to our more remote but as to our European politics, we have now nauseated the world with the doctrine that "British interests" supply the final criterion of right and wrong, and are entitled to rule the destinies of the fair lands of the East, irrespectively of the will, and with a claim superior to the interests of their inhabitants. Upon every contested question that has arisen in the councils of Europe we have been the champions, not of freedom, but of oppression. Not an inch has been added to free soil through our agency or with our goodwill. Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, Greece, perhaps Roumania, everyone of them is smaller through our influence than it would have been without us. For the first time it can now be said with truth that in the management of a great crisis of human destiny it would have been better for the interests of justice and of liberty that the British nation had not existed.

How well it would have paid every Liberal voter in the country, five years ago, to have left all other business, and have gone to register his vote, at once for freedom, peace, honour, and yet better than all these, of justice itself. We trust the present is a time of humiliation and repentance, to be followed shortly by good deeds at the poll.

THE GREEK AND ENGLISH PERFORMANCES.

FOR the second time we had an opportunity of witnessing the soul-stirring eloquence of Mr. Andronopoulos on Thursday last at the Queen's Theatre, and for the second time our meed of praise must be given with an unsparing hand. Like the magnificent actor he undoubtedly is, and like the Greek patriot he so ably personated, his passionate eloquence pictured the nobility of soul of the brave and unfortunate Athanasios Diakos with such an intensity, that his audience, mainly composed of Greeks, were enthusiastic in their applause. His "Othello," also, in the Greek translation of the tragedy, was the trusting, credulous, passionate Moor to the life. The words might be Greek, but the whirlwind of passion, into which he is gradually aroused by the subtle insinuations of his treacherous foe, was truly Shaksperian. Of Miss Edmiston's "Desdemona," we can only say that, short as the work of that heroine is in the act which was selected, it was the sweet-tempered loving Desdemona which Shakspeare has drawn, and the impression left upon us is embodied in an earnest admiration of the young actress, and a longing to see her in the same tragedy in its native tongue. The powers of the actress were also further testified by the *petite* comedy of *A Happy Pair*, in which the favourable impression created by her "Lady Teazle," was immensely increased. Her natural manner, uncommon vivacity, and perfect identity with the part she assumes, are so well kept up that her audience totally lose sight of the actress in the reality before them. Miss Edmiston will undoubtedly take high rank in the profession she has chosen, and the versatility of her powers will, assuredly, contribute to her success.

THERE are some words in the English language which drive even scholars to despair. For instance, what is the plural of a tailor's goose? There were seven tailors, and they had seven—what?

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SKETCHES BY JINGO.

III.—A "BLIGHTED" ECCLESITE.

"THE shades of night were falling fast, the stars began to blink," as I sat with my rather ponderous head between my hands, endeavouring to collect my "wool gathering" ideas together in order to form a subject worthy of a place in the *Jackdaw's* spacious "craw." Suddenly a slow, timid knock came the door, and, ere I could answer the "call," there stepped into the room young Podger, who looked as though he had recently undergone all the sad afflictions endured by the patriarch Job of old. His hair hung in matted lumps upon his head; tears were flowing from his eyes, while ever and anon he groaned heavily, and in such a manner as to emit a hollow noise, not unlike the muffled beat of a drum. Gently guiding his weary footsteps to the sofa, I mixed him a drop of Paddy's eye-water, which, I am happy to say, appeared to have the desired effect, for slowly his violent paroxysms of grief subsided, and, having wiped the dewdrops from his heavy eyes, he poured forth the story of his woes into my sympathising ears.

It would appear that Podger, who resides within a radius of ten miles of the Eccles Market Place, was courting a fair lass whose abode was situated in K— Street, but who—false creature—gave him up for another, and left him to ponder upon those words of Shakspeare which tell us that—

"Women (not men) are deceivers ever—
In one thing constant never."

Podger loved her dearly; so much so, that he has been known to watch his fair "lady love's" window by the hour, despite the wintry wind and rain which whistled through the bare branches of the dismal looking trees. I was told that Podger's nerves were one day—or night, rather—severely shaken by a bucket of water which was thrown from his fiancée's bedroom window by a mischievous girl, who had seen the young man waiting beneath it in hopes of a chance meeting with the recipient of his heart's fond affection. This, however, was taken in good part (or parts) by my hero; who, in fact, felt honoured at having so much attention paid him. I have known Podger pace Eccles railway-bridge, to and fro, for upwards of two hours and a half, dressed like a veritable city swell—tall shiner, tight-fitting clothes, and boots to match, not forgetting his ivory-handled walkingstick, which he would twirl in his dainty-looking little hands, to the evident admiration of a highly interested number of loiterers who make it their business to annoy people by standing there. To return. Like a faithful knight-errant, young Podger took his "girl" each night of the week for a walk, when in

"Love's young dream,"

they whiled the happy hours away. But the other day when Podger made his customary evening visit at the house where lived his chosen one, he found, to his astonishment and dismay, that his pretty bird had flown—that she, in whom his fondest hopes and aspirations had been centred, had in fact jilted him for some nameless stranger who, in less than one short day, had borne his willing prize away. Slowly Podger became acquainted with the circumstances of the case, which were to the effect that a certain gentleman (?)—whose name (as our local papers would say), for many reasons, it is as yet premature to publish—had paid a visit to Podger's sweetheart (he having for a considerable time paid his addresses to one of her sisters, who, sad to say, had died ere their fond hopes could be realised). Said the gentleman unto a friend: "I have lost her. I am determined to have one of the sisters, if they will have me." He "proposed" to the eldest (Podger's girl), and she, seeing like a sensible woman of the world, "worldly," that she would have to wait many weary years ere Podger could take her to the altar and make her his bride, consented to a speedy marriage. Ere long she had left the fair village of Eccles far behind her, and was speeding on her winding way to Liverpool, and so on to Birkenhead, where her "fresh young man" had a comfortable home, lacking naught but a guiding spirit to make it homely, cheerful, and bright. There is an old saying that—

"There are as many fish in the sea as ever were caught;"

but the difficulty lies in catching the right ones. Podger's grief formed the one great topic of this our enlightened village; and it was an affecting scene to see all the unmarried maidens paying visits of condolence to the sad-eyed jilted being, who was wont to thank them in a strangely faint voice for their kindness in remembering such a poor, heartbroken creature. "How much better," said some, "it would be, if he had someone to look after him a little," etc. But, no, he had gone past taking hints; all he

apparently could do, was to give his head a melancholy shake, and sigh a heartrending sigh.

It may not be out of place to mention here that on the night when Podger left me, after having laid bare his wounded heart to me, I followed him at a distance, fearing, if left alone, he would put an untimely end to his "blighted existence." That my surmises were correct was proved by Podger taking the direction of the pellucid waters of the Irwell. Arriving there, he divested himself of his hat, vest, coat, &c., his example being followed by your humble servant. Watching my opportunity, as he stood contemplating the silent waters which ebbed and flowed at his feet, I rushed out, and seizing him by the nape of his bull-neck with one hand, and grasping a certain part of his unmentionables with the other, I plunged with him into the river! Such a yell he gave! I (in the character of Satan) told him I had come to claim my own; but, taking into consideration his late intention to commit suicide, he appeared singularly unwilling to "come to the arms of the devil." Like myself, an expert swimmer, Podger struck out "for dear life," and was soon shaking himself, like a dog, upon the green, mossy banks of this famous river. Of course, Podger and I soon made up our little difference; and he, to show his gratitude, fell upon my neck and wept as only a half-drowned man can weep. Podger was invited to the wedding of his faithless one, but he declined; but she, dear darling creature, in happy remembrance of the days gone by, called her first by Podger's Christian name, and yet Podger would not forgive her. Such is life—as I find it.

BEFORE THE EVENING PARTY.

MY darling stood by the window,
And her yellow wavy hair
Shone like a streamlet rippling
When sunbeams are falling there.

And her sweet blue eyes so tender,
Glanced up at the fair bright sky,
With a wistful look of wonder
As she breathed a low, low sigh.

Her dainty hand, like a snow flake,
The golden-bright band revealed,
I had placed upon her finger
When the marriage vow was sealed.

Oh, to-night would be a triumph,
For I knew that she would shine
Among the fair—the fairest,
And the triumph should be mine.

Like the sweetest, fairest lily—
In her fleecy robe of white—
So fair, so sweet, so beautiful,
She looked in the fading light.

What thought she of, whilst watching
The cloudlets floating by,
And losing themselves in the azure
Of the Summer evening sky?

Was it—that joys so fleeting,
Glides from our earthly grasp,
And we're lost to sight and feeling
When their white wing we would clasp?

Or was her thought of the starbeams
All hidden away in the light;
And did she sigh at their glowing
Only when cometh the night?

I whispered "Love, what is thy musing?"
And I smoothed her silky hair;
"I was thinking, Fred," and she faltered,
"Which bonnet, oh which, shall I wear!"

THE ROLL OF THE DEAD.

THE *Methodist Recorder*, of Tuesday last, contains a charming article upon the ministers of that denomination who have died during the year, and whose deaths have been reported in the usual manner to the Conference now sitting at Birmingham. As a species of composition, more or less falling to the duty of every man to produce several times in his life, it is worthy of attentive study; but it is more, it is a strong testimony to the power of the principles which the deceased themselves believed in.

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT. HOPGOOD & CO.'S N. & S. Hair Cream, recommended by Eminent Physicians, for its "surprising and unfailing success," may be had of all Chemists & Perfumers, at 1/6, 2/-, 2/6, 3/6, 5/-, & 11/-. H. & CO.'s Sedative Cold Cream, 6d., 1/-, & 2/6.

"THE TEMPEST" EXPLAINED.

THE scene—a small town on the shores of Italy. The time—afternoon, fine and bright; not a cloud blotted the blue canopy of heaven; the atmosphere was warm and fragrant. The persons—a noble Duke, mild tempered and good, and his younger brother, hot tempered and bad. The persons had just finished dinner at the Duke's ducal cot, and were then discussing dessert (mulled grape juice) and the merits of their respected bairns. The Duke (Prospero by name) asserted that his daughter Miranda's beauty, talent, &c., far outshone those of his brother Antonio's children. This so roused the somewhat slumbering demon in Antonio's breast, that he sprang up from his rush-bottomed chair, and, with an oath, caught his mild brother (my lord Duke) by the coat collar and coat tails, and literally kicked him out of his own (my lord Duke's) ducal cot; at the same time telling him to clear out, and also that he would send him a change of raiment by Miranda to the bay in the evening. Upon this gentle reminder that his ducal cot had become too hot to hold him, the gentle Prospero went forth—or fifth—in search of a quiet pub, where, in the flowing bowl, he could (on tick) drown his sorrows, and also alleviate or deaden the smarting pain arising from the unwelcome introduction to his brother's shoemaker. He succeeded to a certain extent, and afterwards went (rather unsteadily) to the bay, where he met Miranda with his Sunday clothes and a basket of grub. He then hired a boat, told the owner to call at his ducal cot next day for his boat hire, lifted his daughter, clothes, and grub into the skiff, and pushed out to sea. For months (more or less) he was tossed about on the briny deep, which at last tossed him high and dry on to an island (situated somewhere between the coasts of Italy and Africa) which was uninhabited except by baboons, birds, fish, butterflies, tadpoles, and other insects. As soon as Prospero felt he was upon dry land he disembarked from his cockle-shell, then lifted his terrified daughter and luggage out, and went in search of some place wherein and whereon he could lay his weary head and also obtain some calm repose for fair and faint Miranda. Soon he had the good luck to espy an opening in a rock, which proved to be the mouth of a cave. The only weapon of self-defence he possessed was the handle end of a broken oar, for he had left his martial sword at the Italian pub. With this awkward shillalah clutched in his somewhat dirty hands like a two-handed sword, Prospero entered the dark cavern with his shrinking and timid *jille* holding on (like grim death) to the skirts of his ex-ducal coat. After getting inside he strained his optics for some seconds to try and pierce the black and midnight darkness, and when he at last succeeded, he gave a violent and sudden start backwards, which not only made Miranda scream, but caused her to nearly sever her papa's coattails from the body. The creator of this start erected itself into an upright position, made a Zulu spring towards the roof of the cave, and then commenced grinning and jabbering at the rate of several knots an hour. Prospero at once perceived that he was *vis-à-vis* with a hideous and powerful specimen of the Darwin species, and, fearing lest it might take it into its thick and hairy caput to give him and Miranda a fraternal hug, he, having studied the magician's art, mesmerised the grinning ape, which made it resemble Lot's wife in stiffness though not in colour. Prospero then, after soothing his daughter's agitation with assurances that he had obtained complete mastery over Mr. Ourang, approached this pillar of baboon, and, after letting him know that he (ape) was a mere puppet in his (P's) hands, asked him several questions concerning his ape-ship's kith and kin. As soon as Prospero had loosened Mr. Baboon's tongue with an application of *eau-de-vie*, he spoke as follows (in ape's lingo, which P., being a magician, understood): "Most potent, wise, and noble Signior! I was born a man, and christened Caliban, but as to who gave me birth and who stood my sponsors I am in the dark, for all I remember is that I was allowed to roam in a wild state in the woods of my native country (but where that is I have not the faintest idea), and cull my subsistence, not from every opening flower, but from cocoanut, chestnut, and oak trees, and also from frog and tadpole inhabited waters. One unlucky day I caught and devoured a large-sized white and savoury tadpole, and was digesting it at my leisure, when a vision, in the shape of a lovely mermaid, rose to the surface of the stagnant pool, and, in a voice resembling the tinkling of a silver bell, said, 'Caliban, thou monster of the deepest dye, thou hast devoured one of my favourite lady-tadpoles-in-waiting, for which foul crime thou shalt henceforth roam the woods in the shape of a baboon,'—as you now behold me, most noble master." At the conclusion of this apish harangue, Prospero spoke and said, "This spell by which the

mermaid hath hitherto bound thee, I can break, therefore I herewith retransform thee into thy original shape." Upon this, Prospero discharged (like fireworks) at his apeship innumerable cabalistic signs and incantations, and exclaimed, in a sepulchral voice, "Presto! begone!" and immediately his apeship vanished, and in its place stood Caliban, who was born a man, and a very ugly one, who, to show his gratitude for this agreeable transformation scene, fell down at Prospero's feet, kissed them with a greater gusto than the Pope's toe is kissed, and swore that from henceforth he would become Prospero's slave. He then obtained from some cleft in the rock a goat's-hair smock-frock, and hid his nakedness therein. Then he showed Prospero the extent of the cavern, which was divided into several departments, furnished in a rustic and elaborate style. Here P. determined to take up his abode, so commanded Caliban to fetch in his raiment and basket of grub, and at once prepare a supper, and look sharp about it, as he and his daughter were downright peckish. Caliban did as he was bid, and very soon concocted, from his own private store, a very savoury supper, composed of frogs *à la trousse*, stewed lizards, and deviled tadpoles (not white ones). The two famished voyageurs set to with a gusto, and washed down this mess of pottage, or rather frog-gage, with some milk-punch, manufactured out of cocoanut milk and P.'s *eau-de-vie*. After this sumptuous repast, P. and M. sought repose upon their cocoanut fibre beds, and C. threw himself down at the mouth of the cave like a faithful watchdog.

To be Continued.

LIEUTENANT CAREY.

IT is an inborn qualification of John Bull never to do things by halves, he likes going the "whole hog or none," so that he invariably makes either too much or too little of everything. The only point in which he is consistent is that of always making too much of foreign personages or grievances, and too little of his own. We allow foreign speculative humbugs to come here and reap a rich harvest, whilst our own are homeless and starving. The purses of the rich are opened freely to such mountebank piety as that of Moody and Sankey, whilst poor native curates, equally pious and earnest, though not so bombastic, are allowed the privilege of starving in the streets. We flock to the shop windows in crowds where a Yankee or German "notion" is exposed for sale, and we purchase and are delighted, whilst the same thing if produced by a native artist would have to lie rusting or rotting on a back shelf. This system of foreign adulation is fast reaching its climax, but when it necessitates the sacrifice of a human victim to the public Moloch, it is time to pause. No one sympathises more than we do with the unfortunate fate of the Prince Imperial, but when the ex-Empress herself, in the midst of her great sorrow, can express her sympathy with Lieutenant Carey, we think that we have gone a step too far, and that even she may be disgusted with our sycophancy. Self-preservation is the first idea of any officer or soldier in the situation they were placed on the unfortunate occasion; and the Prince Imperial was doing exactly the same thing as Lieutenant Carey when he met his death—mounting in order to ride for life. If the Prince had escaped and Lieutenant Carey been assegaied, would the Prince have been tried by court-martial and broken for leaving his companion? Would the Commander-in-Chief, brave as he is known to be, have coolly rode back, after seeing his companions struck down, in order to defend their bodies, or would he have risked his reputation by running away from a thousand armed and yelling foes? Lieutenant Carey's escape did not sacrifice the Prince Imperial, but it saved Colonel Wood and some others who were met quietly riding into the same ambush. Did Colonel Wood ride forward to the spot?—No. He took the same action as Lieutenant Carey had done, and rode away. And yet there is no court-martial for him! Then why sacrifice Lieutenant Carey to our national love of adulation for any person or thing which is foreign?

SEVERAL gentlemen at a party contested the honour of having done the most extraordinary thing. A reverend D.D. was appointed to be judge of their respective pretensions. One produced his tailor's bill, with a receipt attached to it; a cry went through the room that this would not be outdone; when a second proved that he had arrested his tailor for money lent to him. "The palm is his," was the universal outcry; when a third observed, "Gentlemen, I cannot boast of the feats of either of my predecessors; but I have returned to the owners two umbrellas that they had left at my house." "I'll hear no more," cried the arbiter, "this is the very *ne plus ultra* of honesty and unheard of deeds; it is an act of virtue of which I never before knew any person capable; the prize is yours."

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- A LIBERAL GOVERNMENT.—"The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme, The young men's vision and the old men's dream."
- LIBERAL ELECTORS.—"They know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain."
- LORD BEACONSFIELD.—"Resolved to ruin or to rule a State."
- DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.—"Fie, my lord, a soldier, and afraid."
- JOHN BRIGHT, ESQ., M.P.—"Whose words all ears took captive."
- MR. CHARLES HALLE.—"If music be the food of love, play on."
- MR. COUNCILLOR MUIRHEAD.—"What was the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?"
- SIR JOSEPH HERON.—"I am monarch of all I survey."
- MR. COUNCILLOR BRIERLEY.—"I'm off to Charlestown early in the morning."
- MISS BECKER.—"She never told her love."
- MISS EDMISTON.—"Tis now the summer of your youth, and time has not cropped the roses of your cheeks."
- MR. COUNCILLOR LITTLE.—"Man wants but *Little* here below."
- MR. MAXWELL.—"My lord, I will no longer walk by lantern light."
- MR. COUNCILLOR MIDDLEHURST.—"Full of sound and fury, signifying—nothing!"
- MR. W. E. A. AXON.—"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
- THE EX-EMPERESS EUGENIE.—"Here I and sorrow sit—
This is my throne, bid Kings come bow to it."
- MR. WILLIAM CONNOR.—"Base is the slave who pays."
- THE POET CLOSE.—"I was not born under a rhyming planet."
- MR. J. H. WATSON (Barnsley).—"I am nothing if not critical."
- THE BRITISH NAVY.—"I have a kind of alacrity in sinking."
- OUR MILITIA.—"And raw, in fields, the rude militia swarms;
Months without hands, maintained at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence."
- GLASGOW SUFFERERS.—"I know a bank."
- MR. COUNCILLOR W. H. SUTTON.—"We have done deeds of charity."
- MESSRS. JEWELRY & BROWN.—"Yea, by St. Andrew, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth, too."
- MR. C. BERNARD (Prince's).—"I am a stranger—will you take me in?"
- MR. J. LAWTON } (Royal).—"My old friend John."
MR. J. DUFFIELD }
- MR. W. ARONSBURG.—"A noble *spectacle*, my good masters."
- MR. TRACY TURNERELL.—"Thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou."
- THE REFORM CLUB.—"Watt's in a name."
- THE JUNIOR REFORM CLUB.—"Enion is strength."
- THE CONSERVATIVE CLUB.—"At this *met(e)* or they all stood aghast."
- THE CARLTON CLUB.—"Put money in thy purse."
- THE SUNDAY SOCIETY.—"Ax on!"
- THE ANGLERS' SOCIETY.—"Bait the hook well, this fish will bite."
- COFFEE PALACE COMPANY.—"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And these are of them."
- BELLE VUE VISITORS.—"They have measured many a mile
To tread a measure with you on the grass."
- SIR BARTLE FRERE.—"An I thought he had been so valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him d—d ere I had challenged him."
- ANDREW'S RYE BREAD.—"I am not in the roll of common men."
- THE CITY L-NT-N.—"What do you read, my Lord?"
"Words, words, words."
- THE S-T-R-ST.—"You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing's curst hard reading."
- THE CITY J-CK-D-W.—"I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind
To blow on whom I please."

MANCHESTER AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRES.

PRINCE'S.—A warm welcome awaited Mr. Terry in Manchester, and the new comedy which Mr. Burnard has extracted from the pages of Thackeray's "James's Diary," and given the name of *James*, has gone off as well as expected, although the play is rather long, and would get a little tedious in anyone else's hands but Mr. Terry's. There is no

particular plot in the play, but it is solely upheld by the never-ceasing fun which Mr. Terry throws into the part of the gorgeous flunkey. The concluding piece, *Little Don Caesar*, is an old favourite here and needs no comment, except that it is quite up to its old standard, and that the ladies of the company are "immense."

QUEEN'S.—The *Comedy of Errors* has been preceded this week by Mr. Paul Merrit's melodrama of *The Golden Plough*, which is a play of such an intricate character in its working, that it succeeds to a miracle in doing what an author and manager most desire, which is retaining the interest of an appreciative audience to the very last. The drama is very successful, and the rounds of applause frequent and enthusiastic, the curtain having to be often re-lifted at the end of the acts. Miss Emily Stafford, who is a *debutante* in Manchester, has created a favourable effect, and the rest of the characters are well sustained.

THE MUSIC HALLS.

THE GAIETY.—The closing of the Alexandra has left this music hall without a rival, but we cannot say that better houses have been the result, for there is a limit to everything, and to be fuller than full is an impossibility. The "Leap for Life" of M. Artois is a most remarkable gymnastic entertainment, and the clever playing of the concertina whilst turning round on the horizontal bar is enthusiastically received. Mr. and Mrs. Hemfrey continue to find friends, and the negro pair, Messrs. Kelly and Wilson, are both amusing and clever. The Sisters Powell, Messrs. Hughes and Drew, the Lucelle troupe of dancers, have all had their share of admirers, and Edgar Wilson and Mr. Chris Benson have earned "golden wreaths." We understand that Mr. Harry Liston is engaged and will appear on Monday next.

THE PEOPLE'S.—The programme put forth by Mr. Burton is both varied and attractive. The sketch of "My Day Out" has had an enormous success, and Professor Burmond's Cyllindroscope of the Zulu War is very interesting. Mr. Pat Connor, Irish comedian; Mr. Tom Vine, topical singer; Messrs. Berrick and Henness, duologue vocalists; the Sisters Rosina and Lucie; and Miss Clara Nesbitt, are all well received, and the Finette-Raymur troupe of acrobats are very clever and much appreciated.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH STEEPLE.

ABOVE all the selling and buying,
Above all the singing and sighing,
I silently wait;
Through sunrise and sunset returning,
I watch with unspeakable yearning
The hill's misty gate.
O'er the children of men onward going,
Like leaves of the autumn-time blowing
Away, and away—
Floating off from my shadow love-tended,
Returning, the weary day ended,
On gladness to stay—
I reach out my shadowy finger
Where the lad on the hill turns to linger
To bid me good-bye;
And when the red sunset in burning,
I watch for his sombre returning,
And beckon him nigh.
I see the maid waiting her lover,
Till her feet wear a path in the clover,
Tip-toeing to peer;
And laugh as she weeps, lonely turning,
Whilst I higher up am discerning
Her lover so near.
I see the bride's bravery glimmer,
Till the valley mist darkens its shimmer—
Fair vanishing rose!—
And then—but a little to-morrow,
And clad in the garments of sorrow
She brings me her woes.
Above all the selling and buying,
Above all the singing and sighing,
My vigil I keep;
As they come, one by one, to the valley,
The spade and the mattock keep tally
Of those safe asleep.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 61, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender.

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ASTRO-PHRENOLOGICAL ON CHARACTER, PROFESSION, TRADE, MARRIAGE, ENGAGEMENTS AND OFFERS.

4, Marlborough Place, Clifford Street, Oxford Street, Manchester.

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THE CITY JACKDAW.

AUGUST 1, 1879.

MIDLAND RAILWAY. BANK HOLIDAY.

On MONDAY, Aug. 4th, 1879,

A CHEAP EXCURSION TRAIN TO

LONDON

(St. Pancras Station), by the Midland Railway Company's Route,

FOR FIVE DAYS,

By which Passengers may also be booked from principal stations to Paris, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, and the Rhine, will run as under:-

Manchester (London Road), dep. 9-30 a.m.; Stalybridge, 8-40 a.m.; Ashton (M. S. & L.), 8-44 a.m.; Guide Bridge, 9-45 a.m.; Hyde, 9-52 a.m.; Woodley, 10-0 a.m.; Marple, 10-10 a.m.; Huddersfield, 8-30 a.m.; New Mills, 10-25 a.m.; arriving at London (St. Pancras) about 4-0 p.m.

The RETURN TRAIN will leave St. Pancras Station, London, at 10-5 a.m., and Kentish Town at 10-10 a.m., on FRIDAY, Aug. 8th, and the tickets will be available for returning by this train only. Passengers booked by the above Excursion to Paris or any part of the Continent can return from London by ordinary train at any time within sixteen days.

Children under Three years of age, Free; above Three and under Twelve, Half Fares. Luggage must be conveyed under the Passengers' own care, as the Company will not be responsible. Tickets are not transferable.

Ten Minutes will be allowed at Derby Station for refreshments both in going and returning.

Tickets, bills, and all particulars can be obtained at the Midland Company's Booking Offices and Stations; also at any time previous to the running of the Excursion, at the following places in Manchester:-

Cook's Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly; Mr. Harrison, 117a, Market Street; Mr. Oldham, Lower Turk's Head, 86, Shudehill; Mr. Ward, Stationer, 21, Withy Grove; Mr. Brittain, Grocer, Ducie Street, Strangeways; Mr. Smith, Post-office, Knott Mill, 319, Deansgate; Mr. Phillips, Post-office, 208, Stretford Road; Mr. Kenyon, Saddler, 91, Oxford Street; Mr. Dearden, Hosier, 166, London Road.

JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

Derby, July, 1879.

GLASGOW & THE HIGHLANDS.

ROYAL ROUTE,

VIA CRINAN & CALEDONIAN CANALS,

By the Royal Mail New Steamer

"COLUMBA," or the "IONA,"

From Bridge Wharf, Glasgow, daily at 7 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m., conveying passengers from

OBAN, NORTH AND WEST HIGHLANDS.

See bill with map and tourist fares, free, at Messrs. C. MacIVER and Co.'s, 77a, Market Street, Manchester; or by post, free, from the owner, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

I. LEWIS & CO.,
Paper Hangings
Manufacturers,
Wholesale and Retail,
60, SWAN STREET,
Three doors from
Rochdale Road, and
opposite Smithfield
Market,
MANCHESTER.

PAPER HANGINGS!
BORDERS, CENTRES, AND ALL DECORATIONS.

OILS,
PAINTS,
COLOURS,
VARNISHES,
PAINTERS' BRUSHES,
AND ALL
PAINTERS' SUNDRIES.

60, SWAN STREET,
Three doors from Rochdale Road, and
opposite Smithfield Market,
MANCHESTER.

Paper Hangings from 2 1/2d. per 12 yards.
The Trade most liberally dealt with.



THE NUBIAN LIQUID WATERPROOF BLACKING

Produces, Without Brushing,
A PERMANENT POLISH,
Which, through Mud, Rain, or
Snow,
WILL LAST A WEEK.

SOLD BY ALL RETAILERS EVERYWHERE.
WHOLESALE ONLY AT
1, WORSHIP STREET, LONDON, E.C.

DINNER CLARET.

12s. per Dozen.

At this price we supply a sound wholesome
Bordeaux Wine, which will keep and im-
prove in bottle for years if required.

OF FINE CLARETS.

We offer a large stock, well matured in bottle, at
16s., 22s., 26s., 30s., 36s., 42s.
PER DOZEN AND UPWARDS.

JAMES SMITH & COMPANY,

WINE MERCHANTS,

26, MARKET STREET,

MANCHESTER.

Liverpool: 9, Lord Street.

Birmingham: 28, High Street.

LANCASHIRE & YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

DIRECT ROUTE TO THE ISLE OF
MAN, VIA FLEETWOOD.

SEA PASSAGE ABOUT 3 1/2 HOURS.

COMMENCING ON JULY 1st, UNTIL

SEPTEMBER 13th, 1879,

FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD CLASS

TOURIST TICKETS,

Available for Two Calendar Months,
Will be issued at the principal stations on this Com-
pany's line to Douglas, via Fleetwood.
See bills for particulars.

WM. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.

LANCASHIRE & YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

ONE OR THREE DAYS AT THE SEASIDE.

ON SATURDAY, JUNE 21st,

AND MONDAY, JUNE 23rd, 1879,

And every Saturday and Monday until further notice,

CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS

WILL BE RUN TO LATHAM, BLACKPOOL, AND
SOUTHPORT.

ON SATURDAYS, FOR ONE OR THREE DAYS,
ON MONDAYS, FOR ONE DAY ONLY,

From Stalybridge, Ashton, Droylsden, Miles Platting,
Manchester, Pendleton, Stonecough, Farnworth, Moss
Gate, Bolton, Middleton, Oldham, Royton, Shaw, Tod-
morden, Rochdale, Castleton, Heywood, Bury, &c.

See bills for particulars.

WM. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

SEASON EXCURSIONS

TO HOLLINGWORTH LAKE.

COMMENCING ON SATURDAY, JULY 5th, 1879,

And until further notice,

CHEAP EXCURSION TICKETS

will be issued to Smithy Bridge Station for

HOLLINGWORTH LAKE,

From Manchester, Miles Platting, Stalybridge, Ashton,
Droylsden, Middleton Junction, and Oldham.

See bills for particulars.

WM. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.

PIMPLES AND BLOTCHES

At once removed from the Face, Neck, and Arms
by using

ROSQUE'S SKIN TONIC.

2s. 6d. Per Bottle.

Sent to all parts for Stamps. Try One.

DE ROSQUE,

CUMBERLAND HOUSE,

50, LAMBETH ROAD, S.E.,

LONDON.

NEW TURKISH BATHS

QUEEN'S PARK.

HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, 627 AND 629,
ROCHDALE ROAD, MANCHESTER.

Wednesdays exclusively for Ladies.
J. GREEN, Proprietor.

Printed for the Proprietors, at 17, Balloon Street, and
Published at 51, Spear Street, Manchester.—August
1, 1879. MANCHESTER WHOLESALE AGENTS: John
Heywood, W. H. Smith and Sons, and G. Renshaw.
LONDON: Abel Heywood and Son, 12, Bookseller's Row,
Strand, W.C.

BICYCLES, TRICYCLES.

STANLEY, TRIUMPH, UNIVERSAL, and other Makes, new, from £6. Amateurs Supplied. Repaired
done Cheaply, Promptly, and Effectually.

E. SMITH, 10, CITY ROAD, late with W. Harrison